MARVEL COMICS
PRESENTS

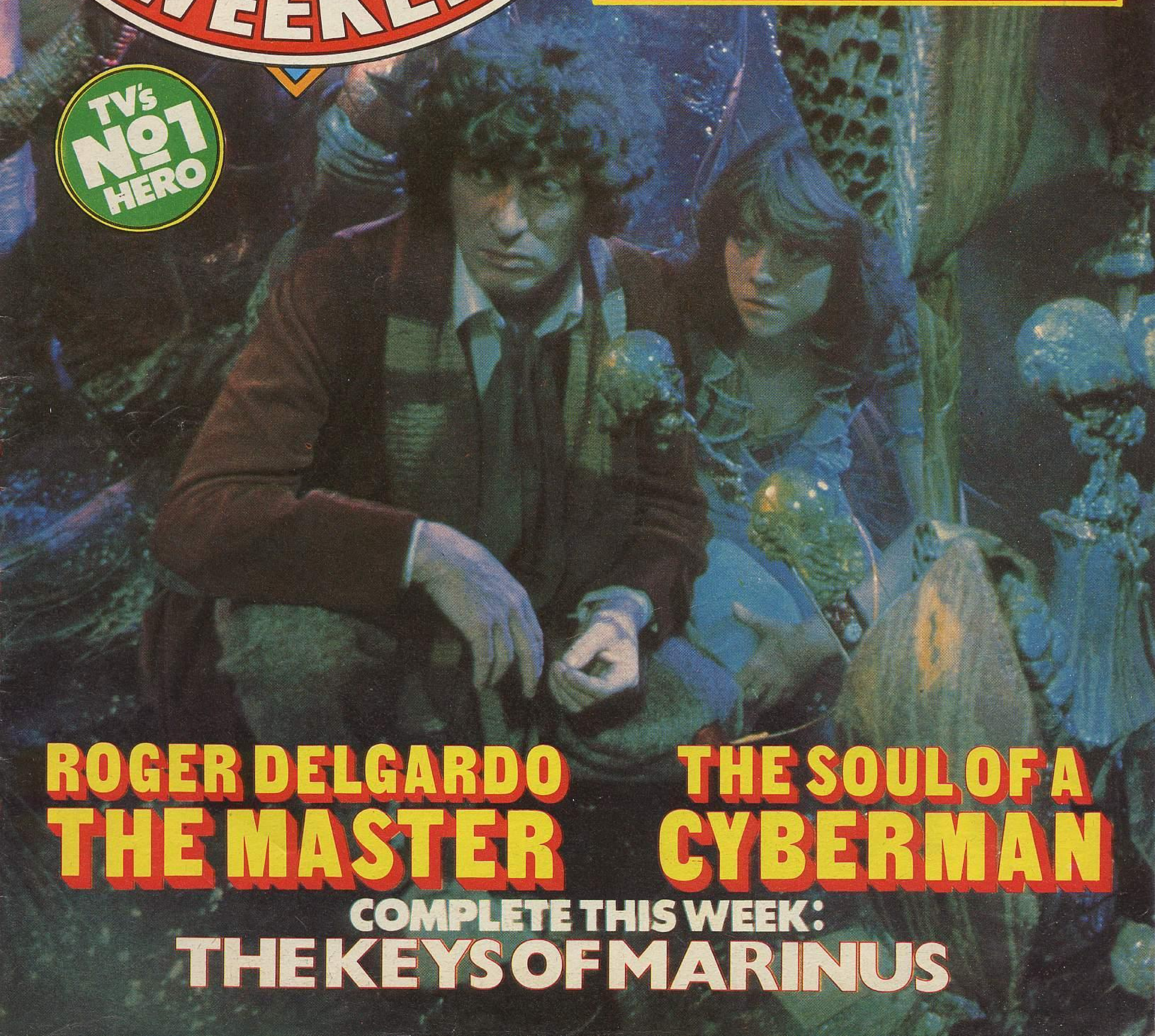
No7 Nov 28th 1979
Every Thursday 12p

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

Comic Strips! Features! Pin-Ups!

2 PORTABLE TELEVISIONS TO BE WON- INSIDE!

TV's No1 HERO

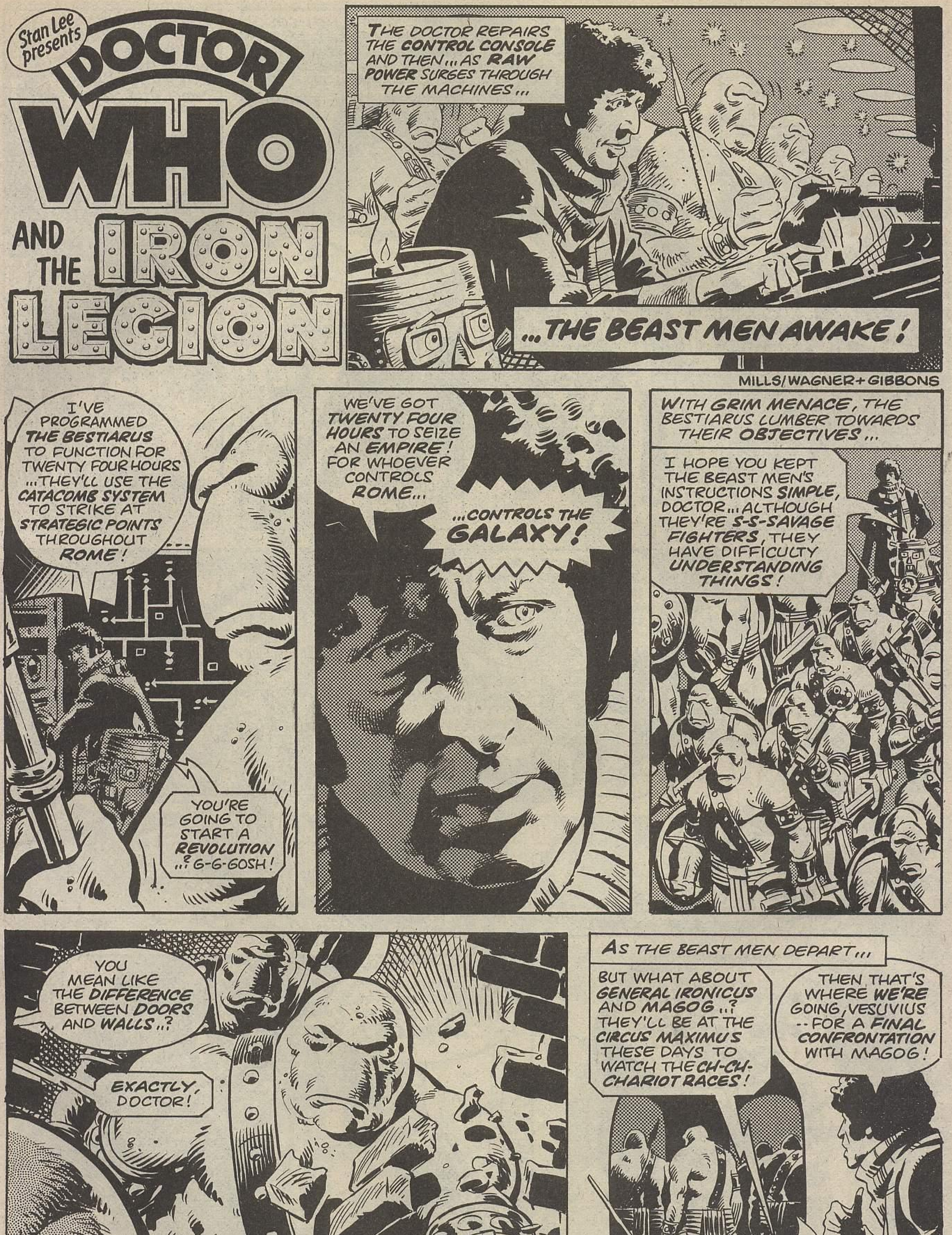


ROGER DELGARDO THE MASTER

THE SOUL OF A CYBERMAN

COMPLETE THIS WEEK:
THE KEYS OF MARINUS

Patrick Troughton as the eccentric second incarnation of the Doctor.


Stan Lee presents
DOCTOR WHO
AND THE IRON LEGION
THE DOCTOR REPAIRS THE CONTROL CONSOLE AND THEN... AS RAW POWER SURGES THROUGH THE MACHINES...
...THE BEAST MEN AWAKE!
MILLS/WAGNER+GIBBONS
I'VE PROGRAMMED THE BESTIARUS TO FUNCTION FOR TWENTY FOUR HOURS ...THEY'LL USE THE CATACOMB SYSTEM TO STRIKE AT STRATEGIC POINTS THROUGHOUT ROME!
YOU'RE GOING TO START A REVOLUTION ..? G-G-GOSH!
WE'VE GOT TWENTY FOUR HOURS TO SEIZE AN EMPIRE! FOR WHOEVER CONTROLS ROME...
...CONTROLS THE GALAXY!
WITH GRIM MENACE, THE BESTIARUS LUMBER TOWARDS THEIR OBJECTIVES...
I HOPE YOU KEPT THE BEAST MEN'S INSTRUCTIONS SIMPLE, DOCTOR... ALTHOUGH THEY'RE S-S-SAVAGE FIGHTERS, THEY HAVE DIFFICULTY UNDERSTANDING THINGS!
YOU MEAN LIKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DOORS AND WALLS..?
EXACTLY, DOCTOR!
AS THE BEAST MEN DEPART...
BUT WHAT ABOUT GENERAL IRONICUS AND MAGOG..? THEY'LL BE AT THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS THESE DAYS TO WATCH THE CH-CH-CHARIOT RACES!
THEN THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING, VESUVIUS --FOR A FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH MAGOG!

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OOOH! THE THOUGHT OF M-M-MAGOG MAKES I GO ALL OF A J-J-JITTER! WOULD YOU MIND CHECKING ME'S OIL LEVEL WITH THIS DIPSTICK, DOCTOR..?
OF COURSE NOT, VESUVIUS!
BZZZ! THAT T-T-TICKLES!
V
'IV'... THAT'S NOT GOOD! IF ME DOESN'T GET MORE OIL, S-S-SOMETHING VERY UNPLEASANT WILL HAPPEN TO I!
VI
V
IV
YOU'LL SURVIVE, VESUVIUS... COME ON!
ACCORDING TO THE MAP, THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS IS THIS WAY... OWW! BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU PUT YOUR FLAME!
S-S-SORRY, DOCTOR!
LATER, AT THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS... IN THE IMPERIAL BOX...
THE GODS ARE NOT PLEASED, IRONICUS! IF THERE ARE ANY MORE MISTAKES, I PROMISE IT WILL GO BADLY WITH YOU!
MY IRON LEGIONNAIRES ARE SCOURING ROME, MAGOG! THEY WILL FIND THE DOCTOR WITHIN THE HOUR! THIS I SWEAR!
THEY HAD BETTER FIND THE DOCTOR, IRONICUS... FOR YOUR SAKE!
AT YOUR SERVICE, MA'AM..! OR SHOULD I SAY ...MAGOG!
GOOD AFTERNOON, PARROT-FACE!

SO! YOUR LEGIONNAIRES SEARCH THE CITY, WHILE THE DOCTOR ENTERS THE **IMPERIAL BOX**, MAKING A **MOCKERY** OF YOUR SECURITY!
YES, I THOUGHT I'D POP IN FOR A LITTLE **CHAT**!
MAGOG, I--!
HE'S MADE A **FOOL** OF YOU, IRONICUS..! AND I DO **NOT** TOLERATE FOOLS!
MAGOG, PLEASE... I BEG YOU... **UUUH! UUUH! UUUH!**
WATCH, DOCTOR-- A **LITTLE DEMONSTRATION** OF MY **POWERS**!
AAAHH! NO, MAGOG! NO! NO! **NO!**
YOU SEE? BY THE **POWER OF THOUGHT**, I CAN CREATE... **SPONTANEOUS INTERNAL COMBUSTION!**
AAAHHH! AAAHHH! AAAHHH!
NEXT MOMENT, THE BRUTAL ROBOT LEADER OF THE IRON LEGION **FALLS**...
...TO A **TERRIBLE DEATH** AMIDST THE HORRORS OF THE **CIRCUS MAXIMUS**!
AAAGGGHH!
WHERE TOP **ALIEN RACING DRIVERS** FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY COMPETE IN SAVAGE **CHARIOT RACES**!

TRAJAN TOGAS
PAXACO
CLOACCA CO.
TIBER OIL
Roma Cola
AGRICOLAX
NERO SPARK PLUGS
RTV
RTV
SO THE PARROT FINALLY FELL OFF HIS PERCH!
YES, DOCTOR... AND YOUR TIME, TOO, HAS COME..!
BUT, FIRST...
... LET ME GET RID OF THIS HATEFUL HUMAN FORM...
... AND SLIP INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE...
COMFORTABLE!
... AND NOW, DOCTOR ... NOW FOR YOU!
NEXT
THE FINAL BATTLE!

A LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR

Crocus Spaceport,
Planet 7,
Titan System,
Crab Nebula,
Occtrobus 5.4, year 2400T.

Dear All,

It has become apparent that I am not the only Time Lord who has a soft spot for your planet Earth.

You see, at the time of writing this missive to you, issue number 1 of *Dr Who Weekly* has yet to go on sale, but already my Marvel Comics colleagues have received a letter of comment!

Obviously, reader Anthony Shipley of Reigate, Surrey is, in fact, a Gallifreyan TARDIS owner, who jumped ahead in time to get his copy early.

Among his heaps of praise (which I am far too modest to repeat) he has a tale of woe . . .

"I especially enjoyed your first issue because I can now follow your adventures every week – without having to argue with my parents at 6pm every Saturday about which tv channel to watch."

Fear not, Anthony! For you – along with all other readers – I've arranged a great competition (on page 8 this week) where you can have the opportunity to win your very own television. Then you will be able to watch what you like!

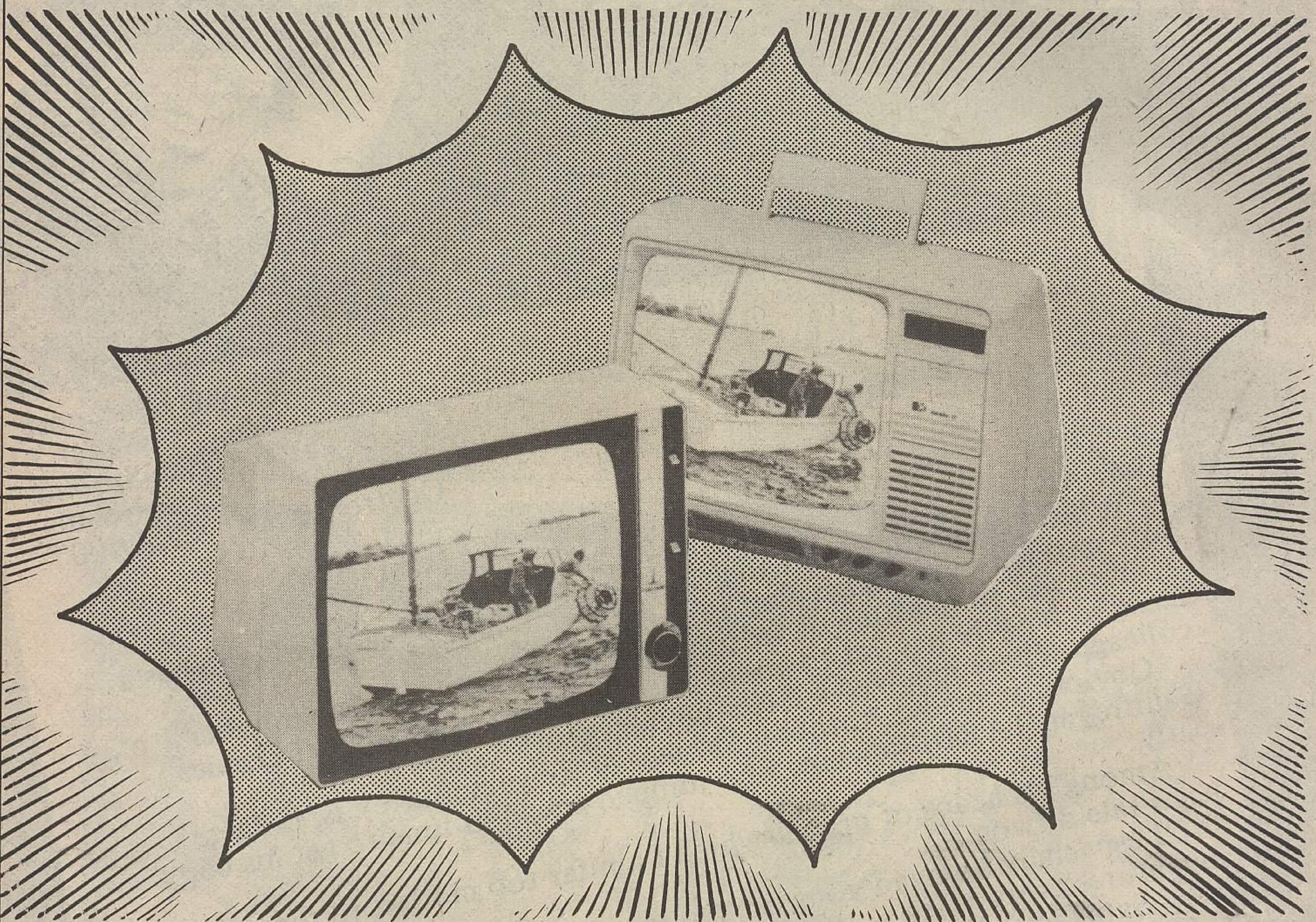
Happy times and places,

The Doctor

Write to us at:
WHO CARES! Doctor Who Weekly, Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5.

WHICH MONSTER'S WHICH?

GET THEM ALL RIGHT AND YOU COULD WIN A FREE TV!



This week we offer you the chance to watch *Dr. Who* wherever you go! Tackle our MONSTER competition and you could win yourself a terrific portable T.V ! Show us how much *you* know about the indentities of some of the Doctor's deadliest enemies! All these creatures have appeared in the series. How many do you remember?

All entries MUST be on postcards and accompanied by the entry stamp — mailed no later than December 5th, 1979.
The judge's decision will be final and the results announced in a future issue.

Send entries to:
DR WHO TV,
Marvel Comics Ltd.,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

This competition is open to everyone excluding employees (and their relatives) of Marvel Comics and the BBC.

DR WHO TV
COMPETITION
ENTRY
STAMP

Here are the names of six *Dr. Who* monsters — five of which are pictured opposite. But which 5?

1 VIRUS NUCLEUS

2 SENSORITE

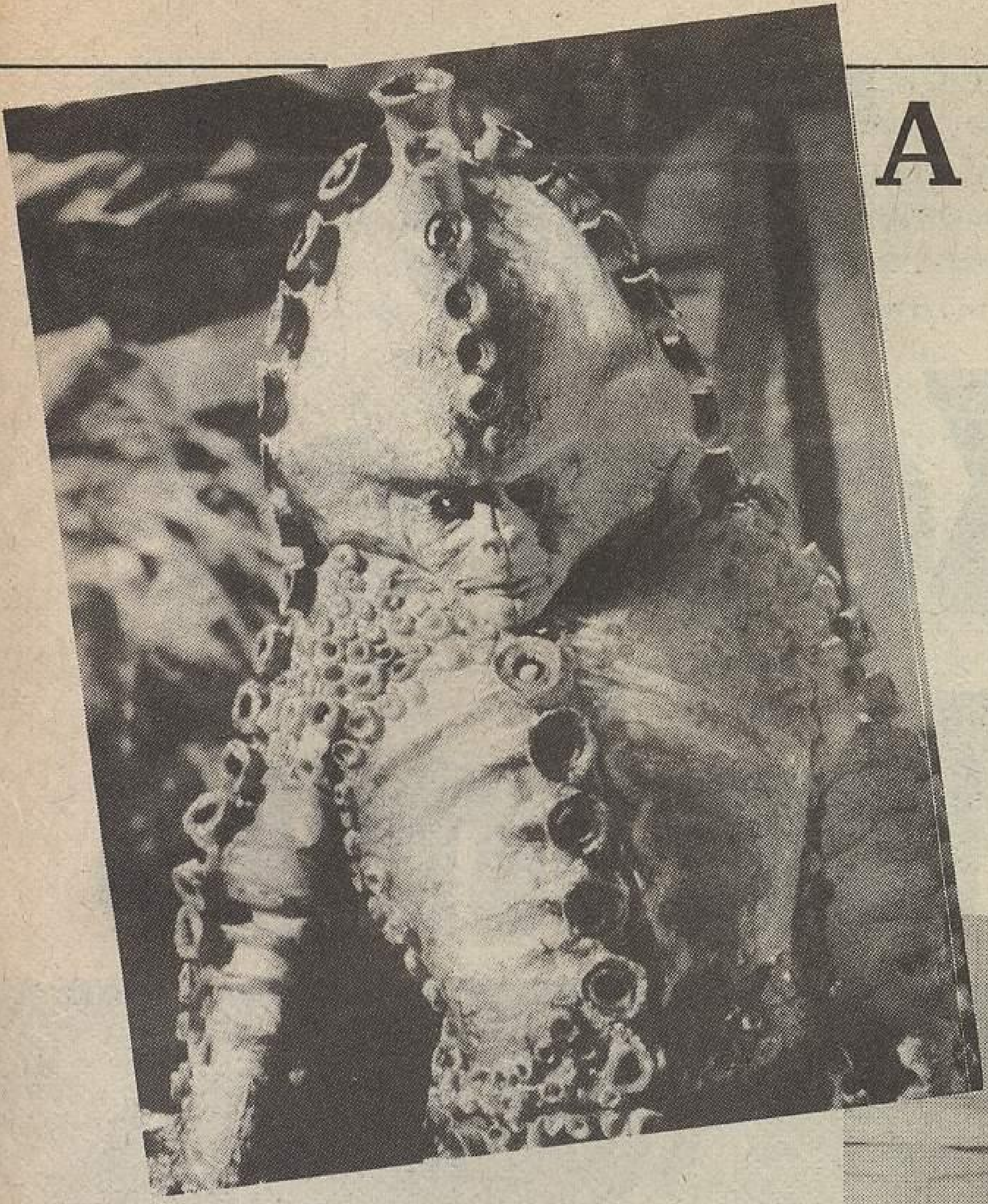
3 SONTARAN

4 ZYGON

5 EXXILON

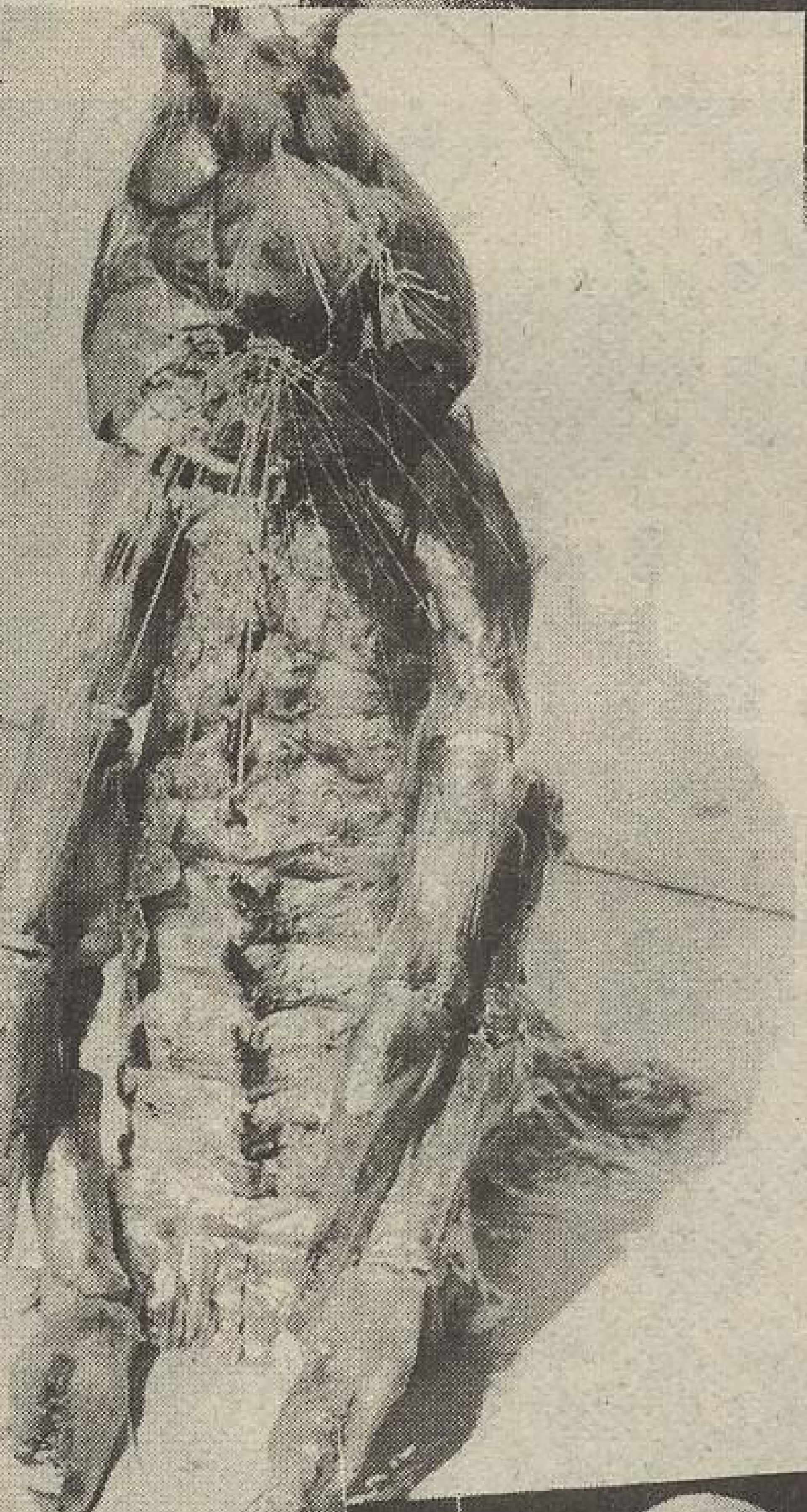
6 KRYNOID

A



B

? C ?



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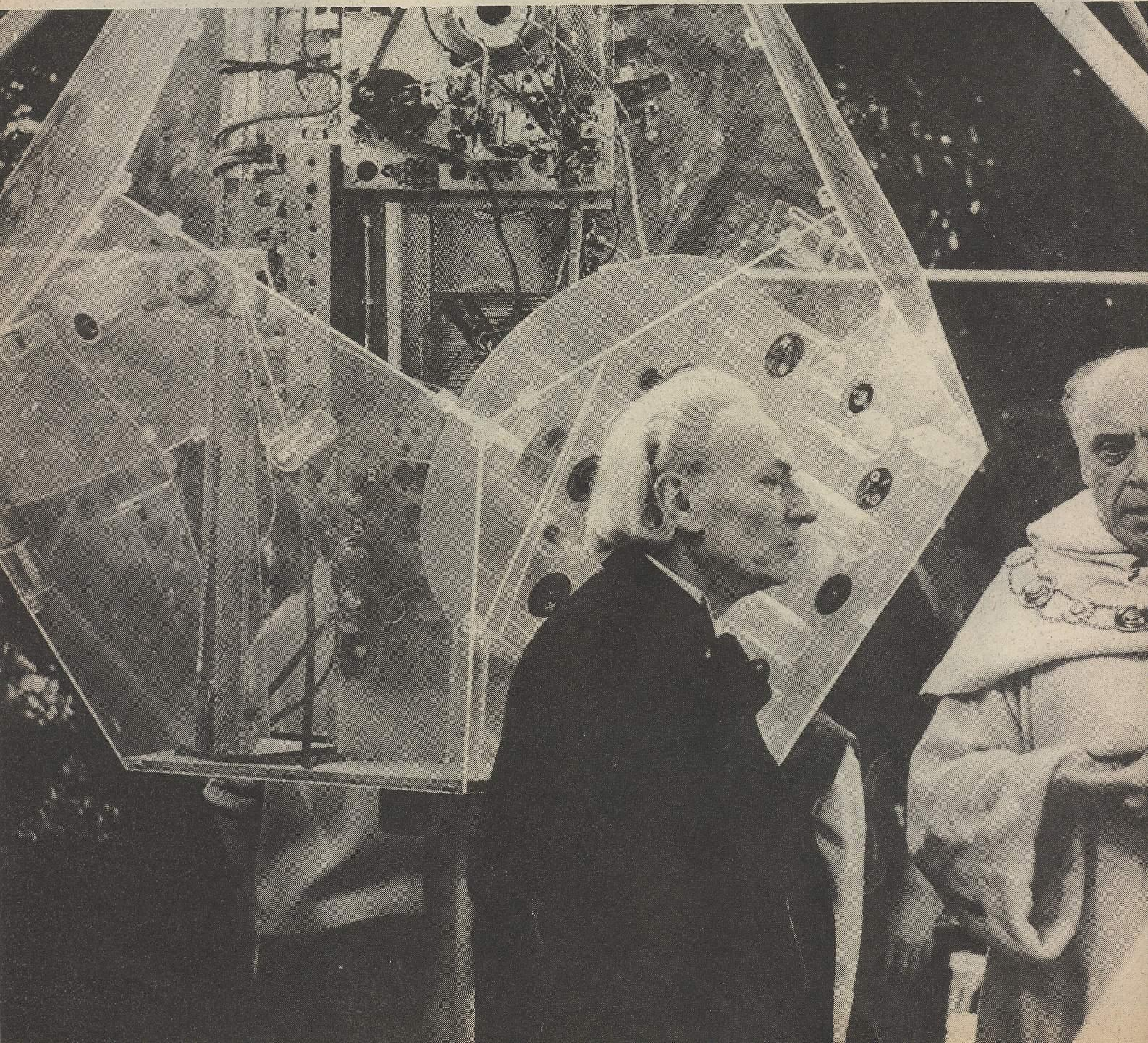
DOCTOR WHO

STORY FIVE

The Keys of Marinus



Many years ago, scientists on Marinus built a machine, able to control the minds of all the planet's inhabitants. This they called "The Conscience of Marinus," and the idea was that it would stop war from occurring again on the planet. To prevent sabotage, they designed the computer so that it required four micro-circuit keys to be programmed. These keys were hidden in secret locations on the planets many continents. The machine itself was hidden away on a bleak and desolate island, in the middle of a vast sea of highly corrosive acid!

For centuries peace reigned on Marinus. Then, quite suddenly, a race of beings, the Voord, evolved. These savage warriors were immune to the influence of the Conscience. Moreover, they saw it as a tool in their plans to conquer Marinus, and were determined to find the missing keys.

Only Arbitan, last Guardian of Marinus, was able to stop them. To do so, he needed to find the keys before the Voord. His only helpers in this quest were his daughter, Sabetha, and Altos, her friend. Things looked black for Marinus, until a certain party of time-travellers landed by mistake on the very island home of the Conscience of Marinus . . .

INVADERS FROM THE SEA

A Voord invasion group, clad in acid-resistant wet-suits, chose the same time to land as the Doctor and his companions. While exploring a mysterious citadel, Susan almost fell victim to one of them. She was saved by Arbitan, and the adventure began. The Doctor, although sympathetic to Arbitan's problems, made it a rule never to meddle with the politics of other planets. In this case, however, he was left with little choice. Arbitan placed a force-field around the TARDIS. Unless they helped him, the travellers could never leave Marinus!

He then gave them each a disc, called a time-dial. These devices had been programmed to transport the holder to the vicinity of each of the missing keys. Without further ado, the travellers set out on their quest.

As they materialise, the Doctor noticed that Barbara was missing! Suddenly, Ian found her time-dial, on the floor of the dark tunnel in which they were. Beside it, he also found traces of blood . . .

The tunnel led to a brightly-lit chamber. Inside it, the astonished trio were relieved to find Barbara. Not only was she unhurt, but she was dressed like an empress. She told them that this strange place was the city of Morpho, where each person could have his every wish granted. Too tired to desire more than a good night's rest, the travellers decide to rest there for the night.

During the night, Barbara awoke with a start. She saw a young girl, placing discs on the foreheads of her friends. Her own disc had fallen to the ground. Looking about her, she saw that the "palace" was nothing more than a dismal cave! She woke the others, only to find that they still saw their surroundings as before. In a panic, she ran off down another dark tunnel.

An eerie sight greeted Barbara around the next bend. She saw the mysterious girl being questioned by what looked like brain creatures in huge tanks of water! She tried to bring the girl to her senses, seeing that she had a key around her neck. This was Sabetha, daughter of Arbitan. These creatures, the Morhpo, brainwashed travellers like themselves, after luring them to their lair with dreams of luxury. The Morpho, in control of Ian's mind, commanded him to strangle Barbara. At the last minute, she smashed the tank containing the brains, and broke the trance.

With this threat vanquished, the travellers set out again on their quest. This time, the dials led them to a dense jungle, overgrown with clinging vines. They met an old man, called Darrius, who told them the terrible secret of this place. A scientist, his experiments with plant life had caused the jungle to grow at an abnormal rate, swallowing all before it. The missing key was hidden in his lab. Just in time, Ian and Barbara found the key, as the living jungle crushed Darrius and destroyed his laboratory!

TRICKED BY A BANDIT!

The next location was a complete contrast. A snowy wasteland, in the midst of which there stood a hermit's cabin. Ian and Barbara were saved by this strange old man, Vasor, who told them of the other traveller he had seen earlier. Ian borrowed warm clothing, and set out to find his friends in the blizzard. Meanwhile, Vasor revealed a sinister side to his character. With Ian gone, he told Barbara that he was a bandit, and advanced upon her with a knife!

Susan and Sabetha had found a cavern in this wilderness. Inside,

Left: *Dr Who (William Hartnell) discusses the machine which controls Marinus with Arbitan (George Coulouris).*

they found a frozen water tank, holding one of the missing keys! What they failed to see were a group of ice-soldiers, who came to life when they de-frosted the valuable micro-key. The soldiers chased them through the snow, right up to the cabin of the evil Vasor. Ian had returned in time to save Barbara, but the wicked bandit met his doom as the time-travellers vanished and the soldiers attacked him!

Ian arrived first, in search of the fourth missing key. In a darkened room in Millenius, capital of Marinus, he found a dead man. Stooping to examine him, he was clubbed by a mystery assailant, and the murder weapon placed in his hand.

ACCUSED OF MURDER!

Ian came to, to find himself a prisoner, on trial for murder. The dead man was a guard, who had been custodian of the fourth key of Marinus. The Doctor arrived to defend Ian, and produced a key to prove that Ian had not stolen the missing item after all. The prosecutor was baffled, but found out that the key which was shown was a different one. Ian looked doomed for certain, until the Doctor solved the mystery. The judge himself had planned to steal the key and had hidden it in the murder weapon. With his plot uncovered, the Doctor freed Ian, and they took the four keys to the Conscience of Marinus.

Their troubles were far from over, however. The Voord had killed Arbitan, and gained control of the citadel. Yartek, leader of the Voord, demanded the final key from Ian, He had already intercepted Sabetha and Susan, and taken their keys from them. Ian handed him the last key. He inserted it into the machine, and prepared to activate. The Doctor and his friends ran to the TARDIS. Ian had given him a fake key. Once the machine was switched on, the entire thing would explode!

The TARDIS left Marinus as the Conscience disintegrated. From now on, the people of Marinus would have to solve their problems without the aid of a machine. The threat from the Voord was eliminated, however, and the Doctor left to seek out Earth and return Ian and Barbara to their own time.

Above: *Susan (Carol Ann Ford) is attacked by a Voord (Martin Cort).*

THE KEYS OF MARINUS Credits

The Doctor (*William Hartnell*); Ian Chesterton (*William Russell*); Susan Foreman (*Carole Ann Ford*); Barbara Wright (*Jacqueline Hill*); Arbitan (*George Coulouris*); Altos (*Robin Philips*); Sabetha (*Katherine Schofield*).
Written by *Terry Nation*;
Directed by *Waris Hussein*.

Comment

This incredibly complex six-part series remains to this day a triumph in production. No less than five exotic sets were needed to depict the different locations on Marinus which the script called for. To this day, the Voord remain one of the most mysterious of the Doctor's enemies. Little information was revealed about them during the series, and they never again confronted the Doctor.

TALES FROM THE TARDIS featuring
WAR OF THE WORLDS
PART 7
THIS IS A TALE OF WOULD-BE CONQUERERS OF EARTH. MARTIAN INVADERS–ABOUT WHOM I HEARD FROM AN EARTHMAN CAUGHT UP IN IT ALL! THIS IS HIS STORY...
"I SCREAMED ALOUD AS THE BOILING HOT WAVE HIT ME, STAGGERING--HALF-BLIND WITH AGONY--TOWARDS THE FAR SHORE.
HAD MY FOOT STUMBLED IN THAT HOLOCAUST, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE END.
INDEED, AS I STAGGERED ASHORE --IN FULL SIGHT OF THE MARTIANS-- I EXPECTED NOTHING BUT DEATH.
MERCILESSLY THEY OPENED FIRE...
KRA-BLAM!
AND WHEN THE INVADERS WERE FINISHED WITH THE GUNS...
...THEY TURNED THEIR RAY ON THE PEOPLE WHO HAD CHEERED THOSE GUNS.
IN PANIC I FLED. RUNNING FOR HOURS UNTIL I OFFERED TO PROTECT...
TWO LADIES, WHOSE PATH I HAD CROSSED.

Script: Chris Claremont Art: Yong Montano & Dino Castrillo

Based on the classic by H. G. Wells.

MY NAME IS RUTH, RUTH ELPHINSTONE. MY BROTHER IS A SURGEON IN STANMORE; THIS LADY IS HIS WIFE.
HE SENT US OFF WHEN HE HEARD OF THE MARTIAN ADVANCE, SAYING THAT HE WOULD REJOIN US LATER...
...BUT HE'S HOURS OVERDUE.
WELL, IF YOU'RE AGREEABLE, I'LL STAY WITH AND MRS. ELPHINSTONE UNTIL YOUR BROTHER FINDS YOU.
OR, AT LEAST, UNTIL YOU DETERMINE WHAT TO DO.
THANK YOU. WE-- I-- WOULD LIKE THAT VERY MUCH.
IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THEIR SIDE LANE LED BACK TO THE MAIN HIGHWAY... AND INDESCRIBABLE CHAOS...
...FOR THE ROAD HAD BECOME A BOILING STREAM OF PEOPLE A TORRENT OF HUMAN BEINGS RUSHING NORTHWARDS, ONE PRESSING ON ANOTHER.
EDGEWARE HAD BEEN A SCENE OF CONFUSION, CHALK FARM STATION A RIOTOUS TUMULT, BUT THIS WAS A WHOLE POPULATION ON THE MOVE.
LET US GO BACK, MY FRIEND-- WE CANNOT CROSS THIS HELL!
WE MUST-- WE'VE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO.
I SHALL LEAD THE HORSE AND TRY TO BREAK INTO THE COLUMN...
ONCE WE'RE IN, THOUGH, POINT YOUR REVOLVER AT THE MAN BEHIND US IF HE PRESSES TOO CLOSE--
NO! POINT IT AT HIS HORSE!
SOMEHOW THEY ENTERED THE COLUMN, LOSING THEIR OWN VOLITION IN THE PROCESS, BECOMING PART OF THAT RUSTY ROUT.
AND SO IT REMAINED FOR THE REST OF THAT DAY AND NIGHT, WHEN THE SIXTH CYLINDER FELL AT WIMBLEDON (OF THE FIFTH I HAVE PRESENTLY TO TELL), AND MY BROTHER AND HIS COMPANIONS BEGAN TO SUFFER THE BEGINNINGS OF COLD--AND HUNGER.

BY WEDNESDAY, THE THREE OF THEM -- ON FOOT NOW, THEIR HORSE HAVING BEEN CONFISCATED FOR FOOD THE PREVIOUS DAY -- FINALLY REACHED THEIR DESTINATION, THE SEA.
THE SEVENTH CYLINDER HAD FALLEN THE PREVIOUS NIGHT AND RUMORS ABOUNDED OF MARTIAN MACHINES RUSHING TOWARDS THE COAST.
THE NAVY HAD MATTERS WELL IN HAND, THOUGH --
-- HAVING PRESSED ALL MANNER OF CRAFT INTO SERVICE TO EVACUATE ENGLAND'S SUDDENLY REFUGEE POPULACE.
IT WAS JUST PAST MID-DAY THAT MY BROTHER AND THE ELPHINSTONES WERE TAKEN ABOARD A PADDLE STEAMER FROM THE THAMES...
...NOW BOUND, IT SEEMED FOR OSTEND.
UM. THIS COCOA IS A MARVEL AFTER THREE DAYS OF NOTHING...
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, HARRY?
S.S THUNDER CHILD.
THAT IRONCLAD. IT'S THE THUNDER CHILD, PART OF THE INSHORE SQUADRON.
IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY AT THE HORIZON, YOU CAN SEE THE SMOKE OF THE BULK OF THE CHANNEL FLEET.
IF YOU'LL PARDON MY BEING SO FORWARD...
...I'D RATHER LOOK AT YOU.
I'M GLAD I WAS AF...
LOOK ASHORE EVERYONE -- A MARTIAN'S COMING!!
IT'S SO TINY, SO FAR AWAY -- SURELY WE'RE SAFE.
WE SHOULD BE...
...BUT AFTER ALL I'VE SEEN AND HEARD, I'M NOT SO SURE.

THE CAPTAIN SWORE AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE AND CALLED FOR FULL SPEED...
... BUT IN SPITE OF THE ENGINES THROBBING EXERTIONS AND THE POURING FOAM CHURNED UP BY HER PADDLES, THE STEAMER MOVED AWAY FROM THE SHORE WITH TERRIFYING SLOWNESS.
THEY MIGHT NOT HAVE ESCAPED AT ALL HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE INTERVENTION OF THE THUNDER CHILD...
...STEAMING HEADLONG INTO THE HEART OF THE THREE FIGHTING MACHINES LIKE AN AVENGING BEHEMOTH COME TO RESCUE HER THREATENED BROOD.
FOR THE LONGEST MOMENT, THE MARTIANS HELD THEIR FIRE, NOT KNOWING WHAT TO MAKE OF THE TORPEDO RAM...
...BUT THEN THEIR AWESOME HEAT RAY...
...AND THE THUNDER CHILD'S GUNS...
...FIRED AS ONE, THE HEAT-RAY SLICING THRU THE WARSHIP'S HULL LIKE A WHITE-HOT ROD THRU PAPER.
ZZZRAAK!
...THE TORPEDO-RAM'S CANNON SILENCING THE MARTIAN FOREVER.
KRA-KOW
THE MARTIANS FIRED AGAIN AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED...
...THE RAM WAS BURNING AMIDSHIPS, WHITE FLAME POURING FROM HER VENTILATORS AND FUNNELS.
YET SHE WAS STILL ALIVE, HER ENGINES AND STEERING INTACT AS SHE HEADED FOR THE SECOND MARTIAN AT FULL SPEED...
THE ALIEN LET HER APPROACH TO WITHIN ONE HUNDRED YARDS BEFORE IT DELIVERED ITS DEATH BLOW.

BUT THE MARTIAN HAD FIRED TOO LATE...
...FOR EVEN AS THE THUNDER CHILD DIED, THE MOMENTUM OF ITS FINAL CHARGE CARRIED THE FLAMING WRECKAGE FORWARD INTO THE FIGHTING MACHINE, CRUMPLING IT LIKE IT WAS NO MORE THAN A THING OF CARDBOARD...
...THE FINAL EXPLOSION OF THE RAM'S POWDER MAGAZINE DESTROYING THEM BOTH!
BUH-WHROOOM!
LEAVING THE FLEET OF REFUGEES TO BEAT ITS WAY SEAWARD WHILE THE NAVY MOVED IN TO GIVE THE MARTIANS BATTLE...
...AND THEN, IT WAS DARK, AND MY BROTHER, THE ELPHINSTONE LADIES--ALL THOSE ABOARD THE TINY PADDLE-STEAMER--WERE SAFE FOR THE MOMENT.

NEXT WEEK: EARTH UNDER THE MARTIANS!

WHO CARES!

We've been absolutely amazed with your fantastic response to our new weekly. So, with no further ado, here's a sampling of your opinions:

I would like to congratulate you on your art-work. It is marvellous! Please bring back the Cybermen because I think they are great. Anyway good luck — keep up the good work.

Micheal Glover, Liverpool.

I think that **Doctor Who Weekly** is terrific! I've just rubbed down my free transfers. I hope you have more Daleks. My favourite stories are **Return of the Daleks** and **The Iron Legion**. The tv programme is terrific too! Keep the good work up!

Micheal Stringer, High Wycombe.

I am writing to compliment you on the first edition of the **Doctor Who** Comic. It's about time you had a comic of your own! Well done and good luck! I will be collecting all the issues — I have set aside a special folder to keep my comics in good condition for future reading as I will always be a Doctor Who fan no matter what age I will be. Don't choke on the jelly-babies!

Peter Leonard, Peterborough.

Just dropped you a line or two to say how much I liked your fab new magazine — it's great! You could interview people who have worked on the tv show as a feature in your comic. My nickname is Doc — it came from watching your programme.

I hope your comic will run for many years (you should know if it will, you're a Time Lord!).

Russell Suthern, Horsham.

Well, this one is pretty good. The 2000 AD team are well suited to the Doctor . . . even if bits of the strip look like Brian Lewis' work . . . weird . . . The story, like most comic adaptions bears very little relationship to the tv style — but for once, the adaption has provided an equal rather than an inferior style!

Graeme Bassett.

Having just bought numbers 1 and 2 of **Dr Who Weekly** my personal view of the magazine is that it is absolutely out of this world. All 3 of the comic strips are of the highest standard and the artwork is the best I've ever seen on Doctor Who. The photo-features are excellent and I hope that you continue these features till the end of time.

Philip Melaney, Merseyside.

Congratulations on your first issues of **Dr Who Weekly**. At long last a magazine dedicated to television's favourite Time Lord. There is a good balance between articles and comic strips.

I would really like to see some interviews in future issues, with past and present **Dr Who** stars. I would not really like to see behind-the scenes articles because I always feel that they tend to destroy some of the magic of the programme.

Anyway, all in all, an excellent read for 12p.

Ian McLachlan, Selkirk.

I have always liked your tv programme and when I heard you were doing a comic of your very own I could not wait to get hold of one. My favourite story is **Doctor Who and the Iron Legion** but all the features were good and full of information. In a future issue I would like to see a story about the Cybermen. I wish you luck with future issues.

Steven Johnson, Coventry.

I, THE SUPREME DALEK, WILL NOW PASS JUDGEMENT ON YOUR WEEKLY COMIC. THE CYBERMEN FEATURE IN ISSUE 2 WAS INTERESTING. IT HAS BEEN RECORDED IN DALEK COMPUTER BANKS IN CASE OF CYBER ATTACK. THE DOCTOR WHO PHOTO FILE GIVES INFORMATION WHICH MAY BE OF USE TO US!

I, THE SUPREME DALEK HAVE PASSED JUDGEMENT. THE DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY COMIC IS A GREAT EARTHLING CREATION!

DALEK SUPREME, SKARO.

I have important news. Today I intercepted a message from the Master to the Daleks and it said that they were going to combine forces in an attempt to exterminate you. Please look after yourself because without you we would lose your mind-boggling comic!

Mark Ellis, St. Austell.

First of all may I say that the publication is the best sci-fi magazine ever published. I especially like the story about you and the Iron Legion. The way the artists draw the action is terrific.

I like the profile on each Doctor. How about a story about K9? All in all, a fantastic first issue.

Ian Howe, Merseyside.

Next week—more of your thoughts and ideas *plus* photos of you—the reader!

Write to us at:
Who Cares!
Doctor Who Weekly,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

Important Announcement!

The address to send for your Heroes and Villains products (see back page of this issue) is incomplete.
The full address should read:
PO Box 7
Glasgow G42 7SR.

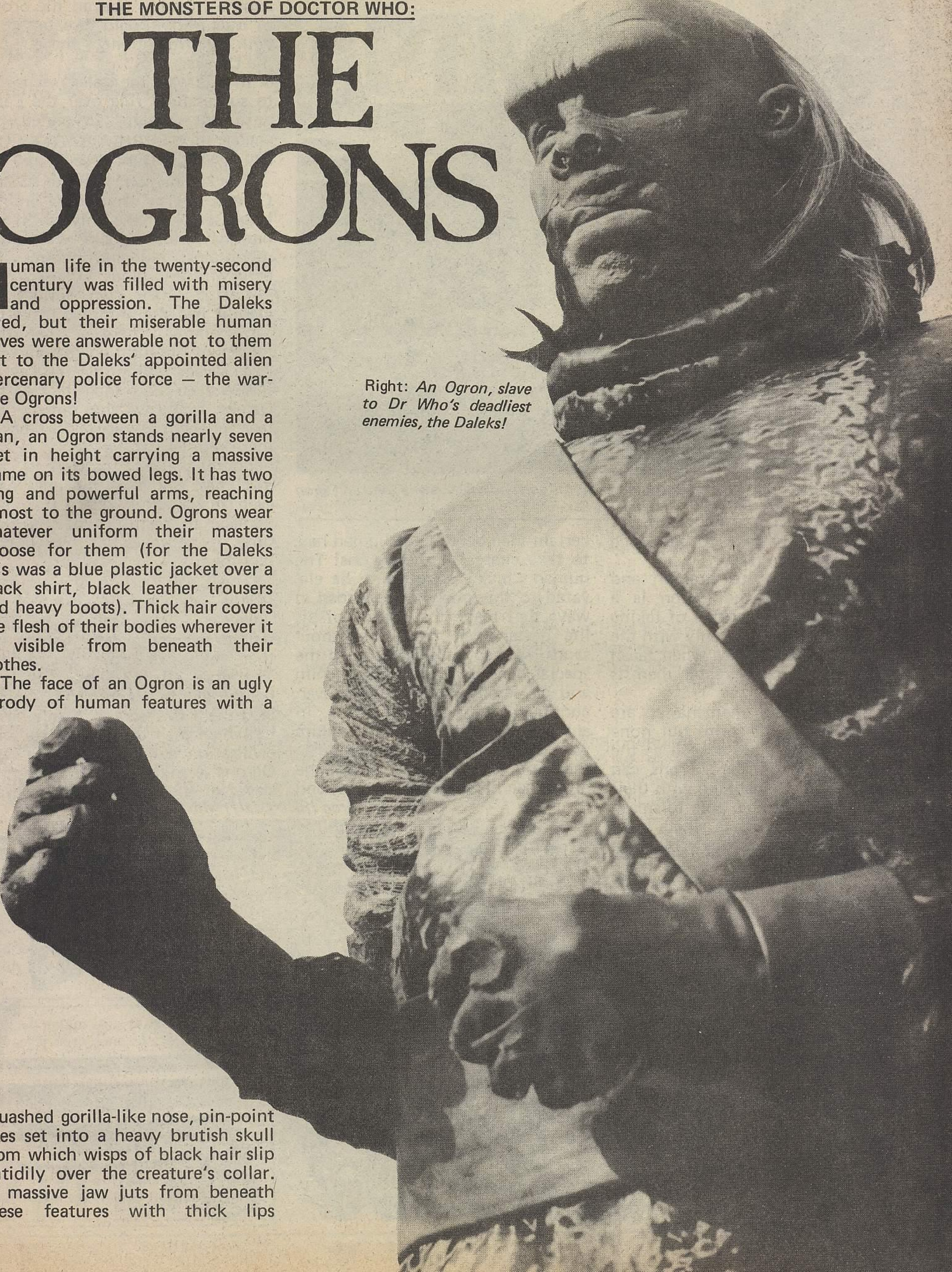
THE MONSTERS OF DOCTOR WHO:

THE OGRONS

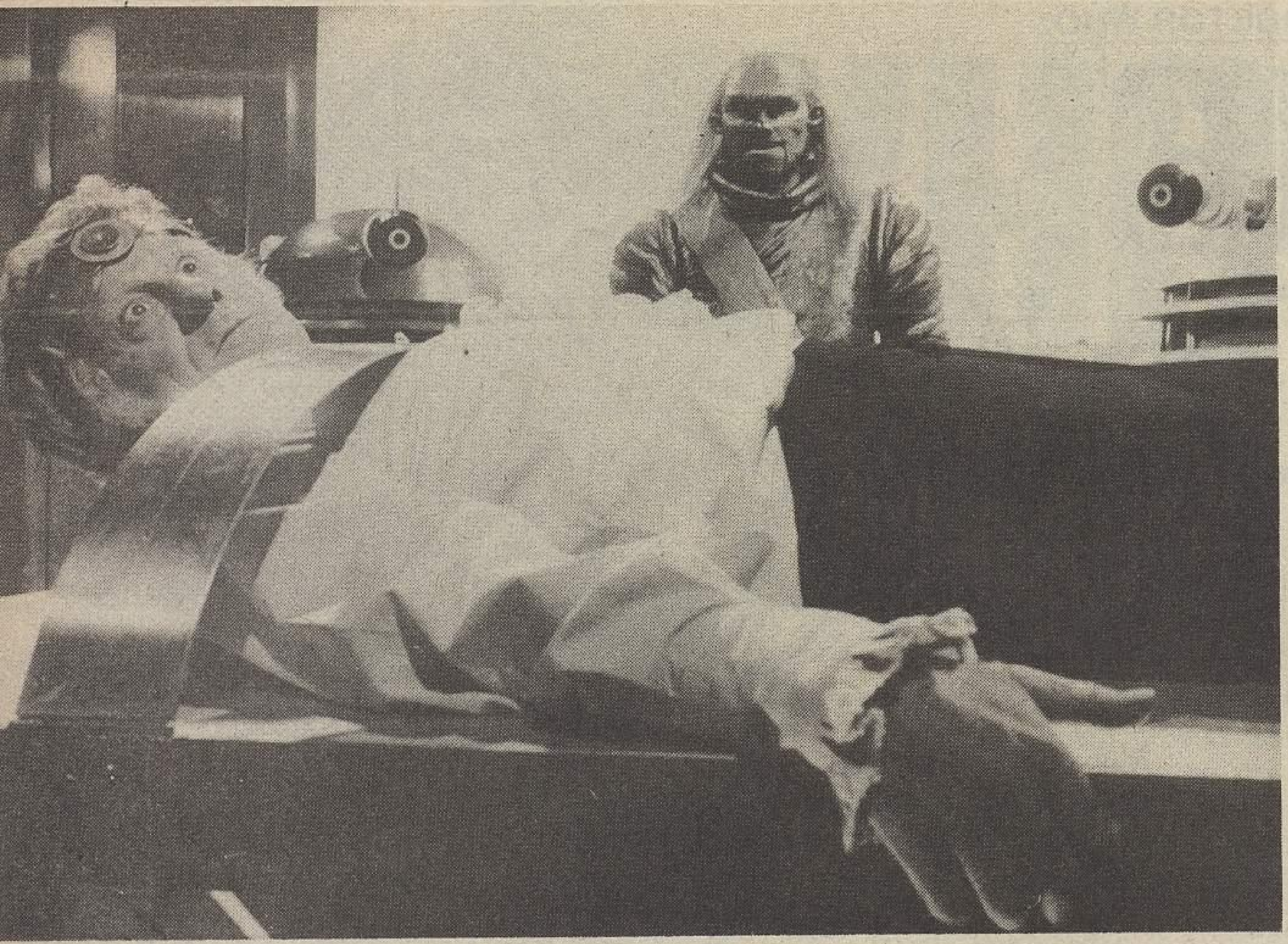
Human life in the twenty-second century was filled with misery and oppression. The Daleks ruled, but their miserable human slaves were answerable not to them but to the Daleks' appointed alien mercenary police force — the war-like Ogrons!

A cross between a gorilla and a man, an Ogron stands nearly seven feet in height carrying a massive frame on its bowed legs. It has two long and powerful arms, reaching almost to the ground. Ogrons wear whatever uniform their masters choose for them (for the Daleks this was a blue plastic jacket over a black shirt, black leather trousers and heavy boots). Thick hair covers the flesh of their bodies wherever it is visible from beneath their clothes.

The face of an Ogron is an ugly parody of human features with a squashed gorilla-like nose, pin-point eyes set into a heavy brutish skull from which wisps of black hair slip untidily over the creature's collar. A massive jaw juts from beneath these features with thick lips



Right: *An Ogron, slave to Dr Who's deadliest enemies, the Daleks!*



Above: *Dr Who (Jon Pertwee) surrounded by his enemies, the 'Daleks', and an Ogron (Rick Lester) in THE DAY OF THE DALEKS.*

grinning cruelly back to bare long yellow, decaying teeth.

Despite its brute strength and imposing figure, the Ogron is a stupid creature incapable of taking the initiative and left only with the capacity for obedience when faced with muscle-power greater than its own.

These ape-like mercenaries are used by many life-forms but none of their masters are so evil as the dreaded Daleks. The Ogrons can pose a threat to mankind with their brute strength alone, able to smash a human skull with a single blow from their massive, powerful fists. They have strength without intelligence — perfect warriors incapable of double-crossing their intellectual superiors and masters . . . the Daleks! An Ogron can be trained to carry out tasks just as a man might teach a dog to do tricks.

SLAVES OF THE UNSCRUPULOUS

Thus when the opportunity came for the Daleks to reinvade Earth after the Third World War had deslocated the planet's surface, the Ogrons were found to be useful for maintaining discipline among the surviving humans and forcing them to work for the Dalek cause. The invaders from Skaro actually chose certain members of the human race to take charge of the Ogrons! The human "lucky" enough to be elevated to this post was rewarded in ways that made the quality of his life better than the slaving thousands. And so, anxious to keep the special benefits heaped upon him and his family, he would not even consider betraying his masters. In any case, the penalty for failure was EXTERMINATION! In turn, the Ogrons, barely able to tell the difference between one human and another, readily obeyed the orders of a man that could threaten them with extermination at the guns of the Daleks.

In this way, the Daleks were able to successfully rule over the Earth until the Doctor corrected the change in the course of history that had been engineered by them!

The unnamed planet of the Ogrons lies in an almost uninhabited sector of the universe. It is a barren world of rocky wastes and mountains, plunging chasms and eerie whistling winds.

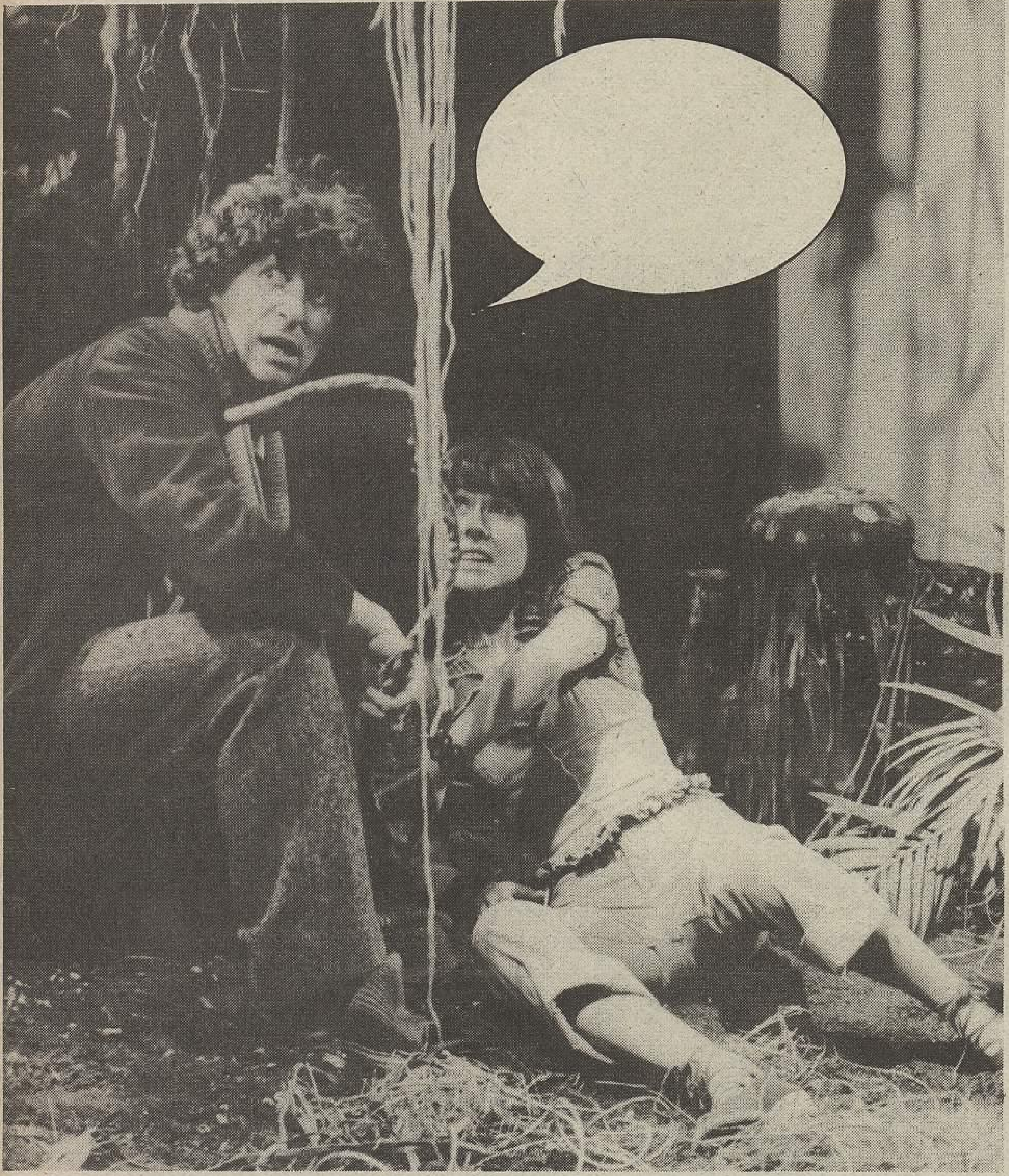
Left to their own devices the Ogrons live the primitive tribal life of a hunter. There is one other dominant life-form on the planet, a large savage reptile that the Ogrons fear — even more than they do the Daleks — and worship out of their fear for them. Primitive drawings of these reptiles can be found etched upon the walls of the Ogron's cave dwellings. Some of the apes have even made altars where they pay homage to paintings of the creatures in the hope that this will protect them!

This bleak world is of no interest to the intelligent life-forms of the universe — the Ogrons are only visited by beings who wish to use them as over-grown guard-dogs. Therefore, their chance of ever being set on a course that might lead them to discover a technology by which they could cultivate their civilisation seems improbable. The Ogrons seem destined to remain the slaves of the unscrupulous forever!

Below: *An Ogron (Rick Lester) with a Dalek.*

CRAZY CAPTION 7

£5 TO BE WON!



Welcome to another one of our great crazy caption competitions. Just think of the funniest comment you can to go with the empty speech ballon, and you could win £5!

Even if you don't win the first prize, we'll be sending out ten autographed colour photos of Tom Baker as Doctor Who to the best runners-up.

This week and every week, we'll be publishing the name of the lucky winner and his caption. (See below). We'd like to say that we've been snowed under with the fantastic response to our zany **Crazy Caption** contests so far. Keep 'em coming, captioneers, but please remember:

All entries on postcards only, and in twenty words or less.

Send your entries to us at:

CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 7,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5

When sending in your entry, why not let us know which three features (articles and/or comic strips) are your favourites in this issue.!

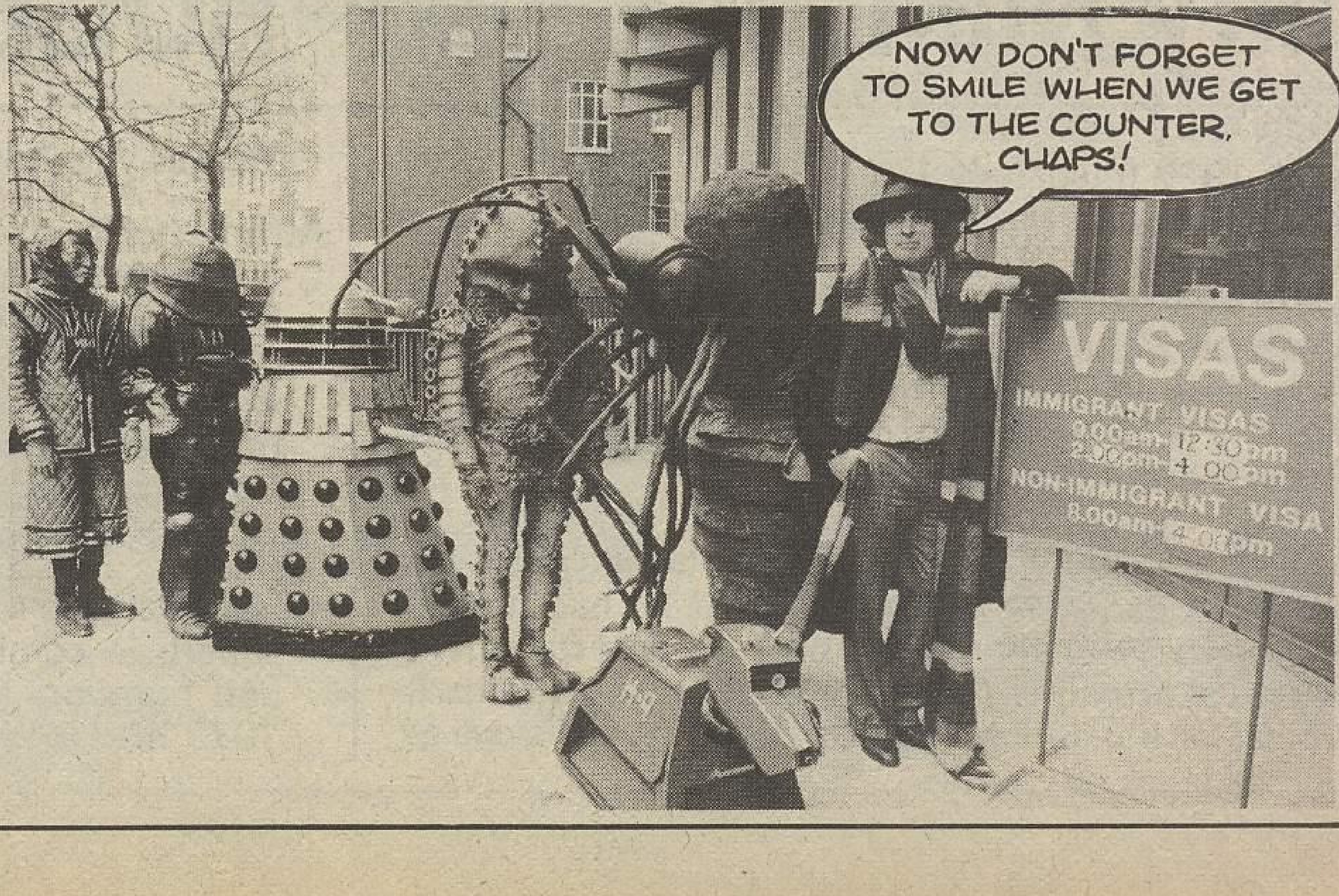
RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER ONE

THE WINNER:

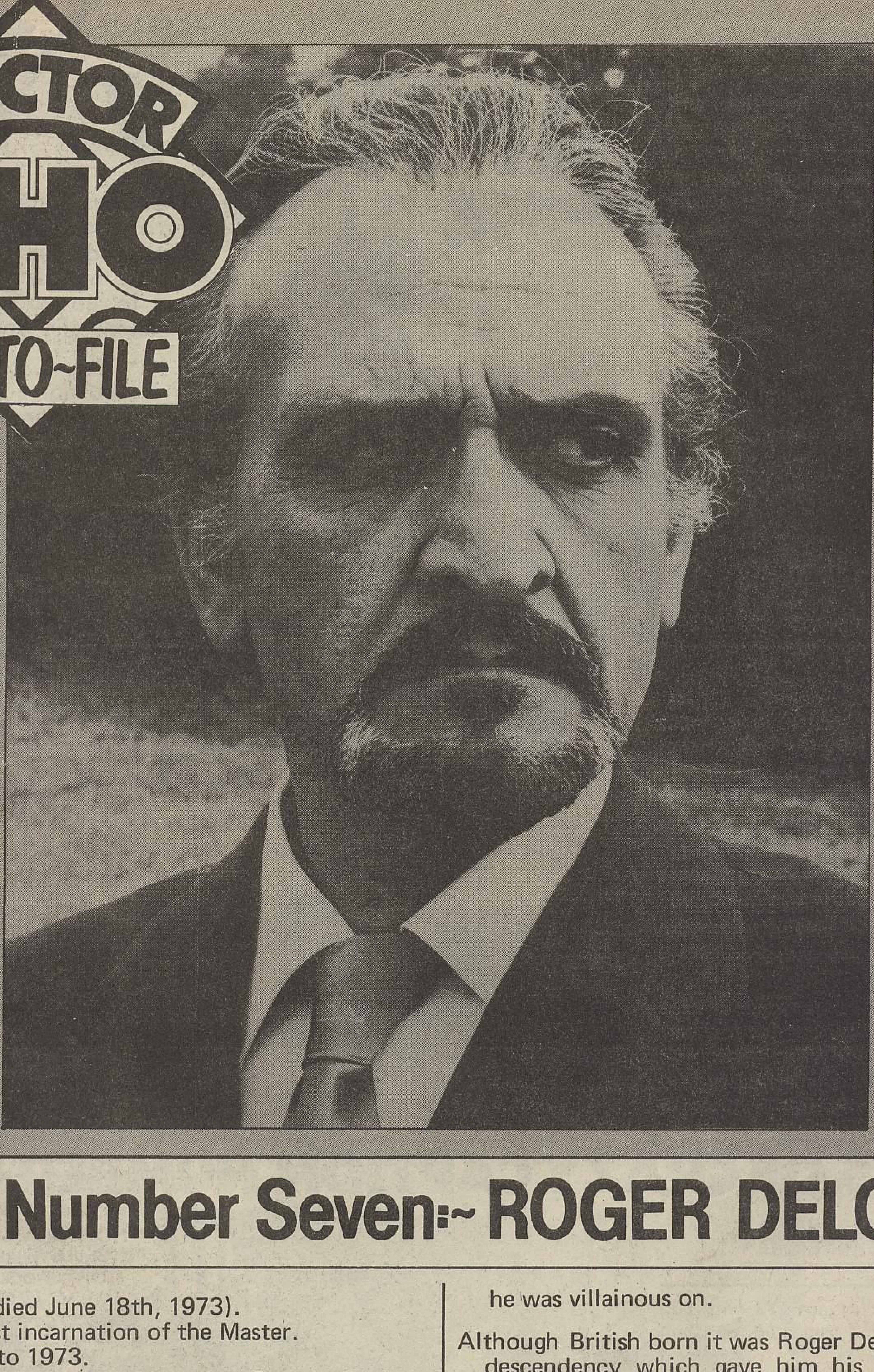
David Stew of Coventry, aged 13, wins £5 for his crazy caption repeated on the right.

Signed colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor have gone to the ten runners-up:

Colin Summer of Southport aged 6;
John Smith of Leeds, aged 7;
Julie Escott of Cardiff;
Frank Gillam of Battersea, aged 13;
Robert Coumbe of Alton;
Shaun Walker of Walthamstow;
Mrs Anne Jennings of Reigate.



DOCTOR WHO PHOTO~FILE



Entry Number Seven:~ ROGER DELGADO

BORN: 1920 (died June 18th, 1973).
ROLE: The first incarnation of the Master.
YEARS: 1971 to 1973.
MAJOR TV APPEARANCES: **Sir Francis Drake; Vendetta; The Troubleshooters; The Man in the Iron Mask** and **The Borderers.**
MAJOR FILM APPEARANCES: **Khartoum (1966); Antony and Cleopatra (1973).**

SPECIAL MENTION: With typical laconic humour Roger Delgado once remarked that he had played villains in virtually every form of entertainment except pantomime and ice-shows! It was a remark typical of a man who was as charming off-stage as he was villainous on.

Although British born it was Roger Delgado's Spanish descendency which gave him his saturine good looks. These, combined with his "devil's beard", gave him automatic type-casting as a villain, and it was this that drew him to the attention of **Dr Who** producer Barry Letts and script-editor Terence Dicks as they hunted for an actor to play a regular villain opposite Jon Pertwee's Doctor.

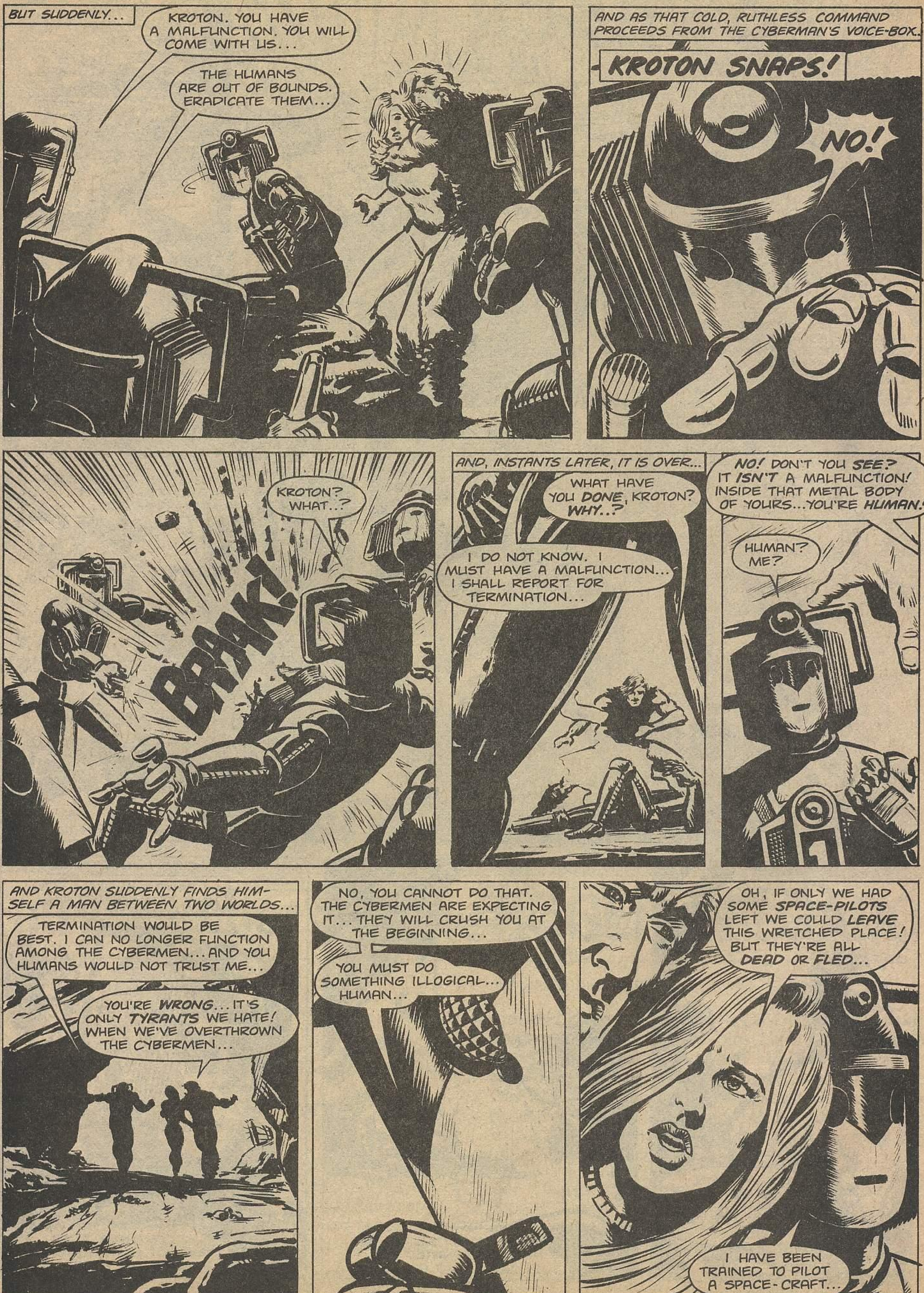
Roger Delgado's interpretation of the Master was superb — combining evil and villainy with charm and humour. His tragic death in a car accident in 1973 hit **Dr Who** fans of all ages very hard indeed.

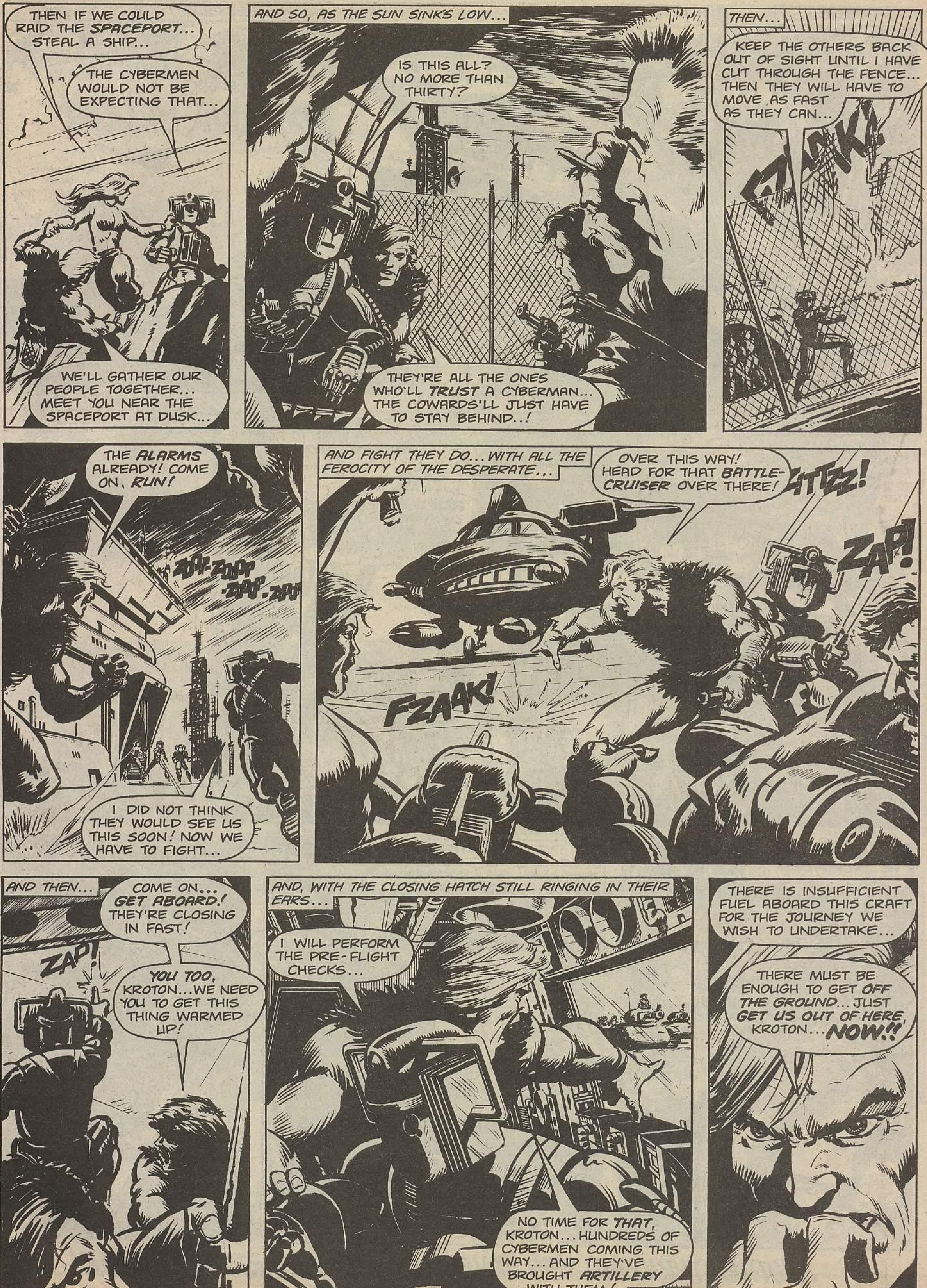
THROWBACK

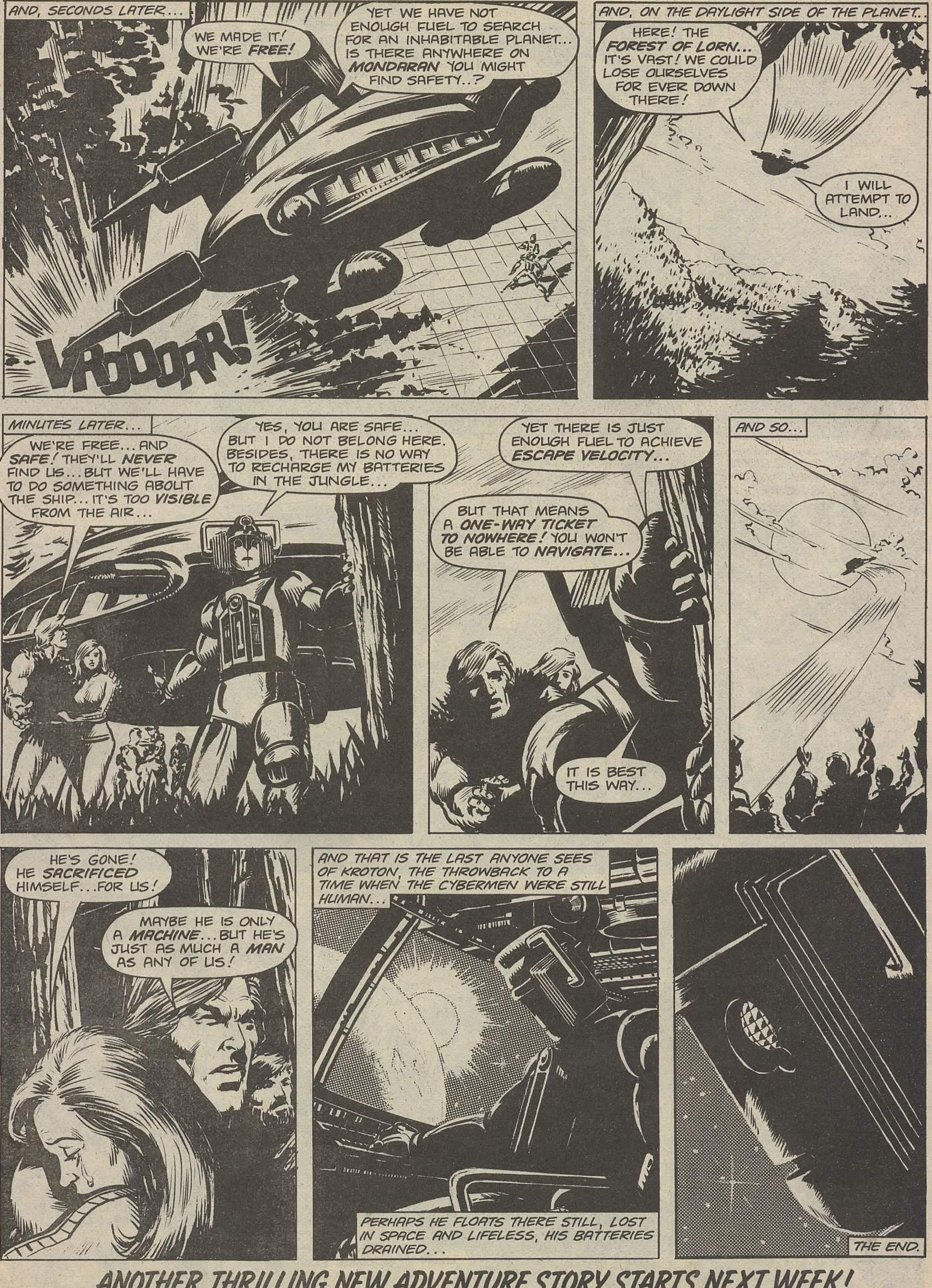
THE SOUL of a CYBERMAN

PART THREE

ON THE PLANET MONDARAN, JUNIOR CYBERLEADER KROTON DISCOVERS THE HUMAN INHABITANTS ARE PLANNING TO REBEL AGAINST THEIR CYBERMAN OVERLORDS. HE ARRESTS THE REBEL LEADER, PENDAR, BUT THEN RELEASES HIM... AND PENDAR SEES A CHANCE FOR INSTANT REVENGE AGAINST HIS OPPRESSORS...
BUT...
I CAN'T DO IT... NOT WHEN HE'S JUST LET ME GO...
IT'D MAKE ME NO BETTER THAN A CYBERMAN MYSELF!
MOORE + DILLON
AND...
LET HIM BE, THEN... I WON'T PUSH MY LUCK HANGING AROUND...
I'D BETTER GET TO WEST BRIDGE AND MEET MARILKA... IT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE...
YET WHILE PENDAR PICKS HIS WAY THROUGH THE RAVAGED COUNTRYSIDE, AT CYBERMAN HEADQUARTERS...
KROTON IS ABSENT FROM HIS POST, CYBERLEADER TORK. HE LEFT WITH A HUMAN PRISONER...
HE HAS BEEN ERRATIC OF LATE... SEARCH FOR HIM...
THEN, AT WEST BRIDGE...
PENDAR! YOU'RE SAFE! YOU GOT AWAY!
NO... KROTON LET ME GO! I DON'T KNOW WHY... I LEFT HIM NOT FAR FROM HERE...
THERE... SEE? HE'S JUST SITTING WHERE I LEFT HIM! BUT HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT'S GOING THROUGH THAT TIN SKULL OF HIS...
PENDAR COULD HAVE TERMINATED ME JUST THEN... BUT HE DIDN'T...
AND AS THE CURIOUS HUMANS CREEP CLOSER...
WHY? I WOULD HAVE TERMINATED HIM... OR WOULD I?
MY COMPUTER-BRAIN DOES NOT SEEM ABLE TO HANDLE THE PROBLEM...


BUT SUDDENLY...
KROTON. YOU HAVE A MALFUNCTION. YOU WILL COME WITH US...
THE HUMANS ARE OUT OF BOUNDS. ERADICATE THEM...
AND AS THAT COLD, RUTHLESS COMMAND PROCEEDS FROM THE CYBERMAN'S VOICE-BOX...
KROTON SNAPS!
NO!
KROTON? WHAT..?
BRAAK!
AND, INSTANTS LATER, IT IS OVER...
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, KROTON? WHY..?
I DO NOT KNOW. I MUST HAVE A MALFUNCTION... I SHALL REPORT FOR TERMINATION...
NO! DON'T YOU SEE? IT ISN'T A MALFUNCTION! INSIDE THAT METAL BODY OF YOURS... YOU'RE HUMAN!
HUMAN? ME?
AND KROTON SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF A MAN BETWEEN TWO WORLDS...
TERMINATION WOULD BE BEST. I CAN NO LONGER FUNCTION AMONG THE CYBERMEN... AND YOU HUMANS WOULD NOT TRUST ME...
YOU'RE WRONG... IT'S ONLY TYRANTS WE HATE! WHEN WE'VE OVERTHROWN THE CYBERMEN...
NO, YOU CANNOT DO THAT. THE CYBERMEN ARE EXPECTING IT... THEY WILL CRUSH YOU AT THE BEGINNING...
YOU MUST DO SOMETHING ILLOGICAL... HUMAN...
OH, IF ONLY WE HAD SOME SPACE-PILOTS LEFT WE COULD LEAVE THIS WRETCHED PLACE! BUT THEY'RE ALL DEAD OR FLED...
I HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO PILOT A SPACE-CRAFT...


THEN IF WE COULD RAID THE *SPACEPORT*... STEAL A SHIP...
THE CYBERMEN WOULD NOT BE EXPECTING THAT...
WE'LL GATHER OUR PEOPLE TOGETHER... MEET YOU NEAR THE SPACEPORT AT DUSK...
AND SO, AS THE SUN SINKS LOW...
IS THIS ALL? NO MORE THAN THIRTY?
THEY'RE ALL THE ONES WHO'LL *TRUST* A CYBERMAN... THE COWARDS'LL JUST HAVE TO STAY BEHIND..!
THEN...
KEEP THE OTHERS BACK OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL I HAVE CUT THROUGH THE FENCE... THEN THEY WILL HAVE TO MOVE AS FAST AS THEY CAN...
FZAAK!
THE *ALARMS* ALREADY! COME ON, *RUN*!
ZOOP-ZOOP -ZOOP -ZAP
I DID NOT THINK THEY WOULD SEE US THIS SOON! NOW WE HAVE TO FIGHT...
AND FIGHT THEY DO... WITH ALL THE FEROCITY OF THE DESPERATE...
OVER THIS WAY! HEAD FOR THAT *BATTLE-CRUISER* OVER THERE!
ZITTZZ!
ZAP!
FZAAK!
AND THEN...
COME ON... *GET ABOARD!* THEY'RE CLOSING IN FAST!
ZAP!
YOU TOO, KROTON... WE NEED YOU TO GET THIS THING WARMED UP!
AND, WITH THE CLOSING HATCH STILL RINGING IN THEIR EARS...
I WILL PERFORM THE PRE-FLIGHT CHECKS...
NO TIME FOR *THAT*, KROTON... HUNDREDS OF CYBERMEN COMING THIS WAY... AND THEY'VE BROUGHT *ARTILLERY* WITH THEM!
THERE IS INSUFFICIENT FUEL ABOARD THIS CRAFT FOR THE JOURNEY WE WISH TO UNDERTAKE...
THERE MUST BE ENOUGH TO GET *OFF THE GROUND*... JUST *GET US OUT OF HERE*, KROTON... *NOW!!*


AND, SECONDS LATER...
WE MADE IT! WE'RE FREE!
YET WE HAVE NOT ENOUGH FUEL TO SEARCH FOR AN INHABITABLE PLANET... IS THERE ANYWHERE ON MONDARAN YOU MIGHT FIND SAFETY..?
VRDOORR!
AND, ON THE DAYLIGHT SIDE OF THE PLANET...
HERE! THE FOREST OF LORN... IT'S VAST! WE COULD LOSE OURSELVES FOR EVER DOWN THERE!
I WILL ATTEMPT TO LAND...
MINUTES LATER...
WE'RE FREE... AND SAFE! THEY'LL NEVER FIND US... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE SHIP... IT'S TOO VISIBLE FROM THE AIR...
YES, YOU ARE SAFE... BUT I DO NOT BELONG HERE. BESIDES, THERE IS NO WAY TO RECHARGE MY BATTERIES IN THE JUNGLE...
YET THERE IS JUST ENOUGH FUEL TO ACHIEVE ESCAPE VELOCITY...
BUT THAT MEANS A ONE-WAY TICKET TO NOWHERE! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO NAVIGATE...
IT IS BEST THIS WAY...
AND SO...
HE'S GONE! HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF... FOR US!
MAYBE HE IS ONLY A MACHINE... BUT HE'S JUST AS MUCH A MAN AS ANY OF US!
AND THAT IS THE LAST ANYONE SEES OF KROTON, THE THROWBACK TO A TIME WHEN THE CYBERMEN WERE STILL HUMAN...
PERHAPS HE FLOATS THERE STILL, LOST IN SPACE AND LIFELESS, HIS BATTERIES DRAINED...
THE END.

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FRANTIC

You pleaded for more. . . you begged for more! You must be mad, or crazy, or even — — FRANTIC! Yes, we've dished up a second helping of Marvel's madcap mag of hectic humour. This time around featuring our look at: Battlestar Galactica, The Silver Surfer, Fantasy Island, The Waltons, Santa Claus, plus the inimitable HOWARD THE DUCK!

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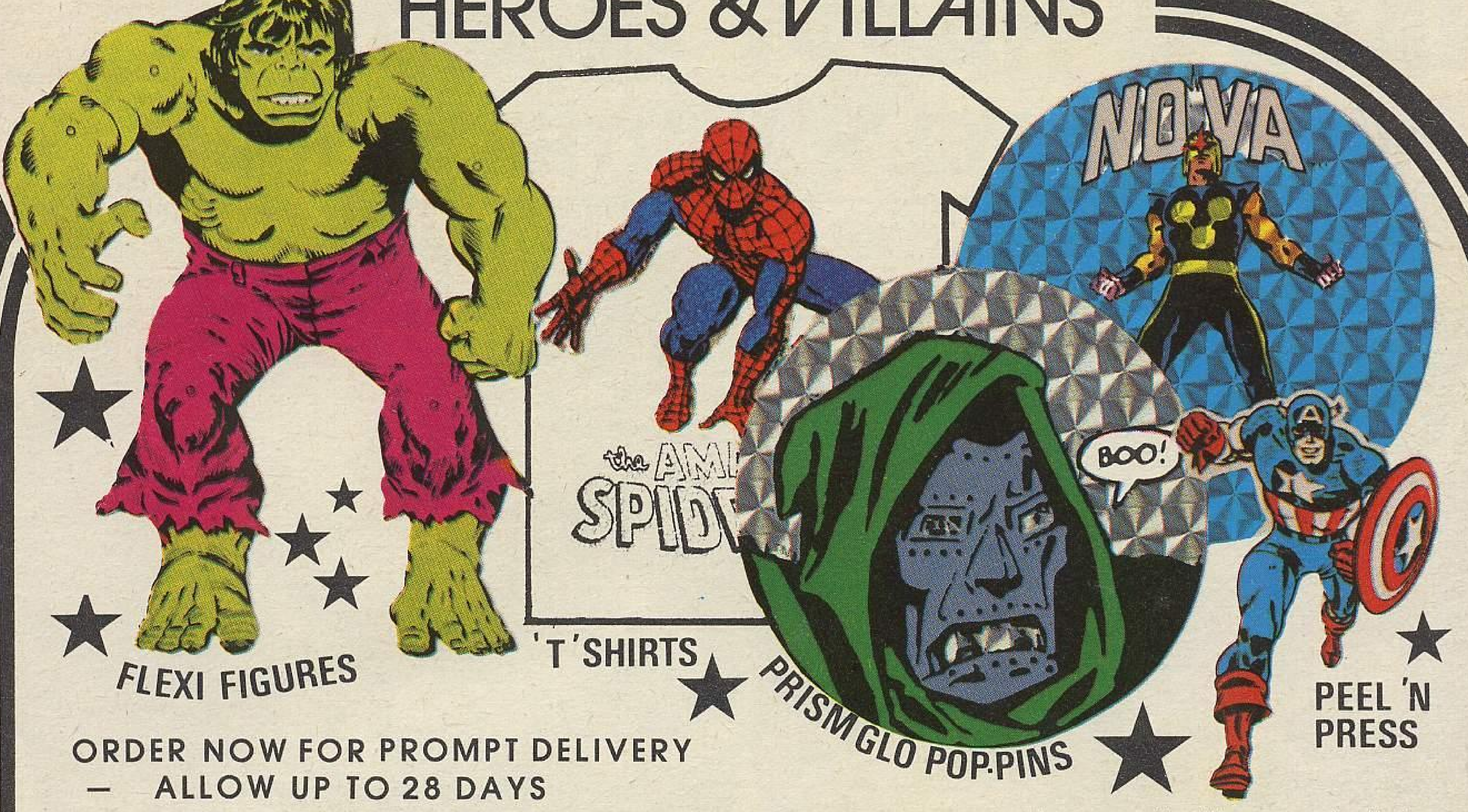

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